

A HUE and CRY
 After A
 JACOBITE,
 O R,
 LOUISIAN,
 A N D
 A True Character
 To Know and Distinguish H I M.

Licens'd August 5th. 1690.

A JACOBITE or *Louisian*, is a certain Animal of the *Doubtful Gender*, with an *English Face*, a *French Heart*, a *Jesuit's Conscience*, and an *Irish Valour*, a Creature with a Brazen-Forehead, a Thick Skul, Hair Brains, *Bogtrotting Feet*, *Supple Hams*, and *Blood-thirsty Arms*. He pursues the last Syllable of his Name, to Bite and Stab a Christian to the Heart, and afterwards begs his Pardon, that he was mistaken, (saying that no more Blood, (till he has another Oppertunity,) shall be shed upon his account; he Displays a Red Banner, with the devise, or Motto, of *Ninny Mac Nero, Jemy Transub*, to shew that he maintains the cause of the Scarlet Whore,

but is grown of late so wonderful Bashful at the approach of an Enemy, that he avoids and shuns his Company as Beggers do a Whipping-post, yet he boasts that he is of the Race of *Noddites*, and retains the Principles of *Cain the Murderer*, and bears the Arms of *Issachar* being, an *Ass Couchant*, and seems descended from *Esau*, being so ready to Truck away an Invaluable Birth-right of Liberty, and Property, for a *French Kickshaw* and a Nautious Mess of *Irish Pottage*; he stiles himself an *English-man*, yet acts in all things as *Antipodes* to his Native Country, and pretends high, and swears, *God Dam him, he is of the Church of England*; but as he understands not her Doctrine, so he

he dishonors her by his Lewd Conversation, and is look'd upon by his Parishoners as a Thief, who secretly steals himself therein, to give opportunity to let his Complotters in to Rob the house. He is a Crab Protestant that Crawls Backwards towards Ireland, or at Best, the Cats Foot, which the Romish Monkeys makes use of to pull their sinking Cause out of the Fire.

This Creature is a Protestant in Masquerade, a Jesuits Advocate, a Popish Solicitor, and King James's Votary; and tho' they Load him like Asses with Burthens, has not the Wit to foresee they only put upon him to do their Drudgery, and must expect *Polyphemuses* Courtesie, *To be Devoured the Last*; to talk Soberly with him of Religion, he flaps you over the Mouth with Fanaticism, and Faction, and Confutes you with the Appellation of Confounded Whigg, and tho' he was one of the first that assisted in Endeavoring our Bless'd Reformation, persuing those Wild Boars that would have rooted up the Constitution, & break the Ballance of our happy Government, yet for want of the gratification his Ambition aim'd at, turns a Grumbletonian Rebel to King William, Sowing the Tares of Sedition, but will reap Hemp in Exchange, and the Hangman will have the Cutting of many of them of the Simples: His discourse is all Sham, Noise, and Nonsense, whose Wit and Courage bears equal force with that of his Cause. His Breeches are empty of Cash, to cheat the Pick-pockets withall. Whereby you may know him by the Chalk on Peoples doors, and that he is Certain in nothing, but breaking of his word.

In fine a True Jacobite, is Transubstantiated into a State-Catterpillar, which devours every green thing in a Flourishing Kingdom, being far more pernicious and destructive to this British Isle, then the Locusts and Catterpillers were to Egypt;

for they Stab Liberty and Property to the very Heart, that themselves, like Beasts of Prey, may wholly live upon Spoil and Rapine, fit Subjects only for *Nebuchadnezzar*, to herd with the Wild Asses in the Desert, to tell a First Rate Jacobite, of the Glorious Progress of King William's Arms, against the Enemy in Ireland, he Replies, what's that to the Success of the Fleet, and the designs of that Invincible Monarch the Grand Lewis, who with his Missionary Dragoons is on the Coast, to settle both the Protestant Religion, and King James in the Throne, to Ask him, who shall adventure to put the Chain about the Lyons Neck; when he comes amongst us, he'll Answer, we ought to trust Providence, and Consider of that afterwards, Preaching up the Doctrine of *Jure Divino* ship, Non-Resistance, and Passive-Obedience, and has the Vanity to Cajole us, That the French King will Religiously preserve both our Liberties and Laws, using the Protestants with the like tenderness as his own Subjects, meaning the *Hugonots*; But he is grown of late so Squemish, that a Lawful Oath strangely disturbs his Maw, but on a sudden the Mulligrubs have Violently possessed him, and is taken with a fit of Singing *Lacryma* to his Cause; the Truth is, to miscarry thus in Projects, would make a Priest out swear a losing Gamster. But Cheers and Bouys himself up, with the Glimmering prospect of a French descent, tho' 'tis not in the least doubted, the Destruction they design for this Nation, will Revert upon their own Heads; and then their Boasted Loyalty will extend no farther, then a few Drunken Healths, turning Rebel to the Idol they set up, for let him Roar and Swagger what he can, he'll continue no farther Faithful, then as his Prince drops his Pence, for 'tis not the Cause, like that of Old *Hodg*, but the Crust, he barks for.